



"IT'S MY LIFE"

THE STORY OF
FRED FROM
ALIVE TO DEAD

To horror film fanatics worldwide, the decade has dealt out more than its share of blood-soaked, screen-stalking antiheroes. In the past few years, we've seen everything slither across the screen from a masked Halloween psycho with a knack for coming inexplicably back to life, to a family of chili-peddling Texans moonlighting as chainsaw killers. However, when the final body count is announced, all competing film fiends fall inferior to the blade-fingered slasher of Elm Street, FREDDY KRUEGER.

Freddy, who originally appeared in 1984's surprise horror hit 'NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET' and has gone on to hack his way through two sequels, has struck an unprecedented nerve with fright fans: on one hand, he's the most vile and villainous of filmdoms ghouls, a one-time child killer who's re-emerged through the bad dreams of his onscreen victims and his fans alike. On another level however, Krueger's blood-drenched red and green sweater and hideously burnt face represents the unlikely persona of a folk hero and horror legend. He's appeared on syndicated talk shows, has spawned a new midnight movie generation of filmgoers clad in copycat Krueger garb, and has even lent his rotten-toothed profile to the rock genre by appearing in songs and videos. Meanwhile, such patented Freddy lines as "Welcome to Prime Time, BITCH!" are quickly approaching the pop generation notoriety of Clint Eastwood's "Make My Day".

But how can such an unlikely figure, complete with blade-slashed, maggot-oozing belly, and decomposing limbs, gain celebrity power, traditionally associated with star recipients on Hollywood's Walk of Fame? Indeed, the CHARISMA that Freddy Krueger conjures forth is not a matter to be easily

explained. Perhaps a look back at the life and roots of America's favorite fiend will clarify the fellow who's currently got millions by the throat....

The childhood of Freddy Krueger, was as ugly as his charred face and roasted marshmallow complexion. While Krueger's patented, five-fingered slice-and dice routine might well be the work of the devil incarnate, Freddy did once have a childhood, albeit a brutal one. He also had a mother. Years ago Amanda Krueger worked diligently as an asylum nurse, the keeper of, schizophrenics, psychopaths, and rapists. On one horrific night, her maternal fate was sealed, as she was accidentally locked inside the inmates' pen after hours. With the other asylum personnel signed out and no one to come to her defense, Amanda was repeatedly raped by the hordes of slobering inmates. She survived the ordeal only long enough to give birth to a boy, FREDDY - The Bastard Son of a Thousand Maniacs.

The youthful Freddy Krueger, abominable in presence and slow in thought, was raised from birth by a succession of none-to promising role models; a host of killers, rapists, and arsonists who in turn taught the youth the tricks of their sleazy trades, before an aging street pimp took the hacker-to-be under his wing. The man was to be the only parental role model in Freddy's entire life. Fatherly attention was administered not in love and affection, but in beatings with razor straps. When Freddy's father wasn't out soliciting disease-ridden whores, or degenerate passer-bys to make his disrespectable living, he dealt out razor edged beating after razor edged beating to his adopted son. Such vicious assaults soon left Freddy with an array of bodily scars which left his already strange looking carcass even less presentable.

As a teenager, Freddy continued to be the target of the paternal pimp's aggressions. For awhile, the old man had tried to make his victimized son a pimp in training, but emerged from such efforts disappointed and frustrated. Considering Freddy useless, the man brutally beat the youth and left him for dead in the street(a big mistake). No longer tolerant of such abuse and hungry for revenge, Freddy summoned an old arsonist buddy, to torch the old pimp's back alley shack while he was sleeping. As the scraggly shack burned to the ground, Freddy watched, smiling a rotten-toothed grin, pridefully relishing the realization that he finally turned the tables on FATE.

Freddy's ensuing years saw him wandering from town to town in search of work. Hungry and homeless, the occasional alley cat unfortunate enough to cross Freddy's desperate path was promptly devoured. Meanwhile, Krueger also established an unfavorable reputation with the law, by drunkenly staggering down streets on a nightly basis and taking refuge in the gutter. During one such occasion, Freddy sprawled out unconscious in an alleyway near a schoolyard when a group of youthful boys attempted to pick his pockets. Looking drunk and pathetic, Krueger seemed the perfect target for ridicule and thievery; the congregation of boys made no haste in taunting him before lurching for any money that might rest in his grimy, sodden pants pockets. However, Freddy had taken enough abuse in the past, and once again would turn the tables on his tormentors, by angrily splitting the head of one of the boys with a gin bottle. While the other youths hastily left the scene in horror, Freddy stared with glee as his battered bottle target floundered on the concrete. Again, the tormentor had become the tormented.

Freddy dragged the dying boy's body to an abandoned cellar

nearby to marvel at its final death-twitches. Such a useless, pathetic sight, he thought looking at the motionless body as the boy's wounded head yielded a steadily trickling stream of blood. SUDDENLY, Freddy's face lit up, feeling down in his pocket for a straight edged-razor he'd stolen earlier from the old pimp. Freddy's mind flashed back to the countless times he himself had lain weak and bleeding, the victim of the old man's slashing razor. He reached under his own shirt, fondling the scars on his belly that had resulted from such ordeals. Then his hand found the shirt of the dying boy, tearing it from his chest, revealing the smooth belly underneath. In vindication, Freddy riddled the virgin flesh with four deep incisions. The cuts were a personal representation of the four other boys who managed to flee earlier, next time such tormentors would not be so lucky.

During later wanderings, Freddy stumbled upon the suburban community of Springwood. The community's immaculate residential homes and well-manicured lawns were like something from a fairy tale to the tortured, pain-wracked nomad. The child filled streets, full of carefree young ones who had never felt the sting of a razor, conjured forth feelings of rage and jealousy in Freddy. Freddy's fate was sealed, he was to be the force behind a streak of killings to teach these spoiled suburbanite families the true meaning of PAIN, SORROW, and ANGUISH. The childrens fate would be sealed next.

Freddy took up residence in Springwood as a maintenance man for the boiler of a steam generator on the outskirts of town. Amidst the steam-enshrouded layers of steel pipe, Freddy plotted his cathartic murder spree. How would he channel blood from the young tike's veins, and drive cries from their mouths? And what method would most efficiently ensure that such cries

would be their last? Soon, Freddy conceived his brainchild. Out of various scraps of metal, some steel knife blades, and an old fingerless glove, Freddy forged a deadly talon with which to take his Springwood prey. With its four bladed fingers, metal joints, and snug glove, the weapon was worn on Freddy's hand for the first time amidst the hissing, steaming, boiler room pipes. IT WAS A PERFECT FIT!

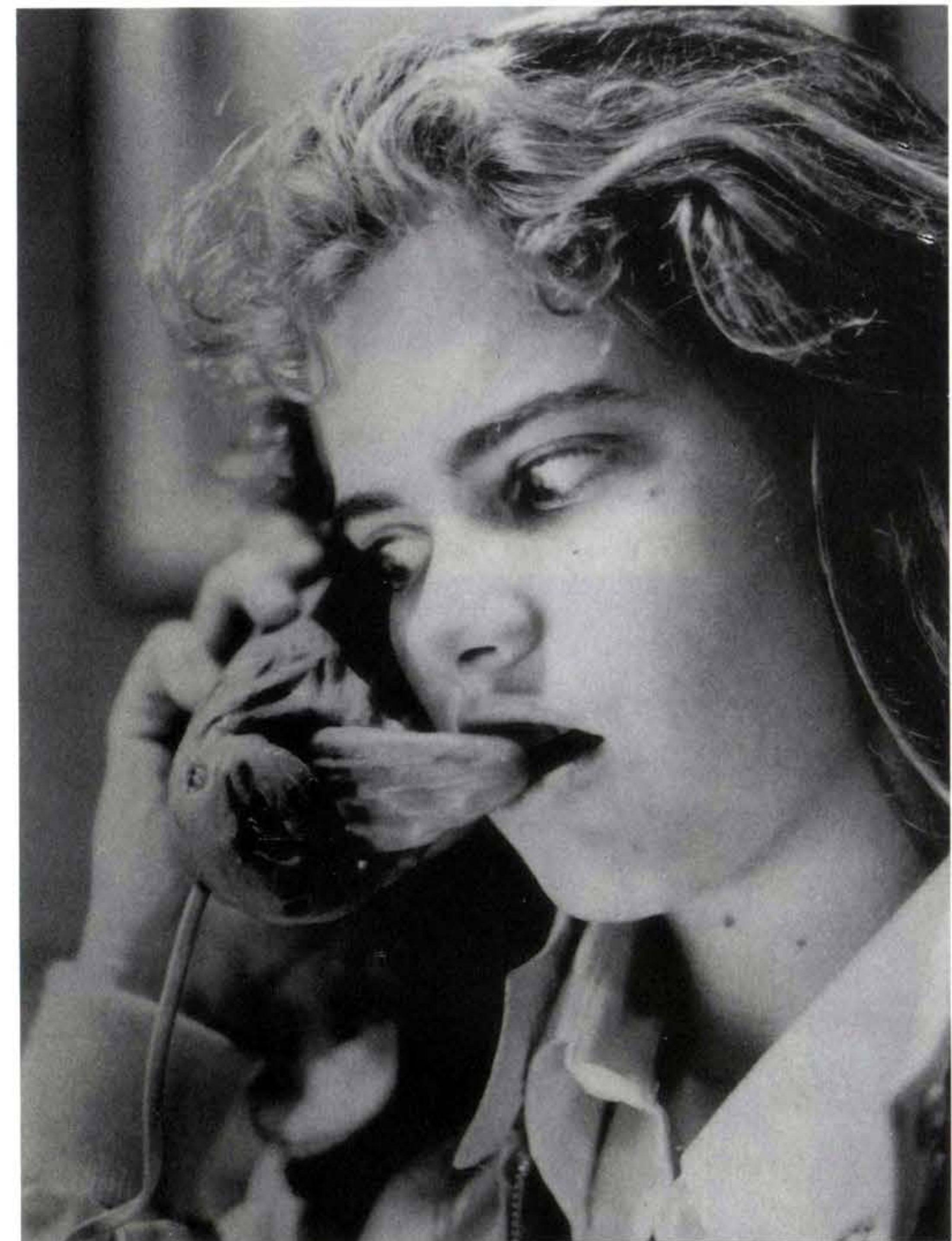
Soon, Freddy's murderous trek had taken form. Day by day Freddy would dress himself in a red and green striped sweater and fedora hat, enter his beat up van, and head to the central suburbs of Springwood. Freddy lost count of the times he's pulled up to the communities elementary school looking for stray children to coax into his van, as well as the times his gleaming, metallic finger-knives had pierced their tender flesh.

Freddy's child-killing romps eventually ended, when the area police abruptly burst into the steam plant, and found the slew of rotting victimized bodies. Lieutenant Thompson, leader of the raid, was intent on seeing the sweater-garbed madman rot in prison. Freddy was arrested and brought to trial amidst the hysterical protests of outraged Springwood parents. But fate had dealt Freddy a good hand. It started when his pimping foster father was torched. It continued as Freddy had found pleasurable retribution as a child-murderer. Now the search warrant used to raid his boiler room had been deemed illegal because of a technical error in the wording. Sitting in court in front of the society that despised him, Freddy would be set free.

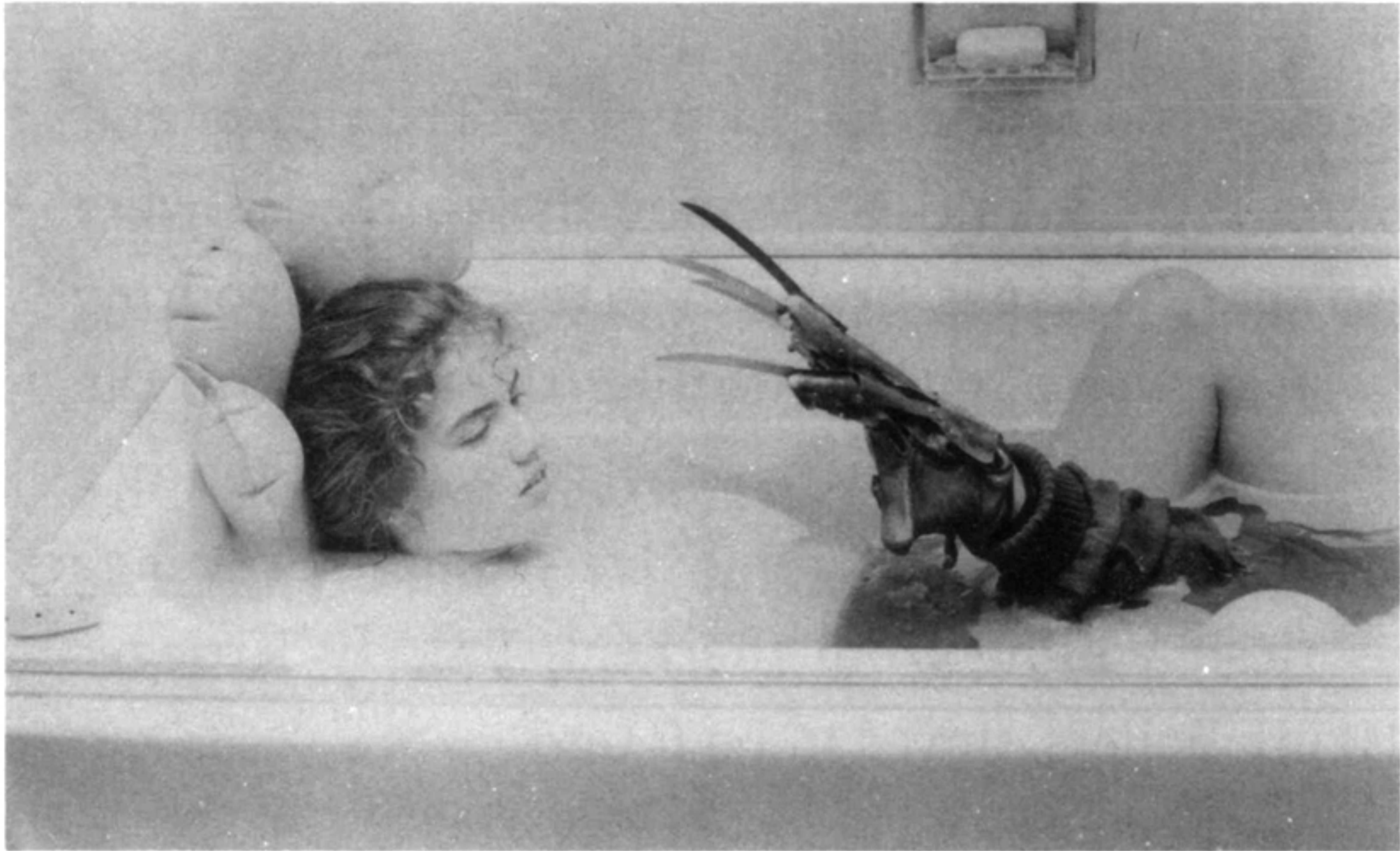
But for the Springwood townspeople, the judge's verdict was not enough to quench their angst. That night, Freddy spent his final hours in the boiler rooms before having his lair torched by a

mob of angry Springwood residents. Lieutenant Thompson and his wife Marge were there intent on evening the score. So were the Lantzes, the Grays, the Lanes, and all the rest. After pouring gasoline around the power plant and setting the fuel afire, the mob watched as the building went up in flames and Freddy's slowly-burning body appeared out front. He screamed revenge at the crowd, his flesh boiling from the heat, Freddy Krueger re-entered the blazing boilers, never to be found.

However, Freddy would be back. Not among the living, but in the dreams of the mobs' offspring to continue his butchery - on Elm Street.



WES CRAVEN'S
NIGHTMARE
ON ELM STREET



WES CRAVEN'S
NIGHTMARE
 ON ELM STREET



A Nightmare
 ON ELM STREET
 Part 2
FREDDY'S REVENGE



A Nightmare
 ON ELM STREET **3**
 DREAM WARRIORS